

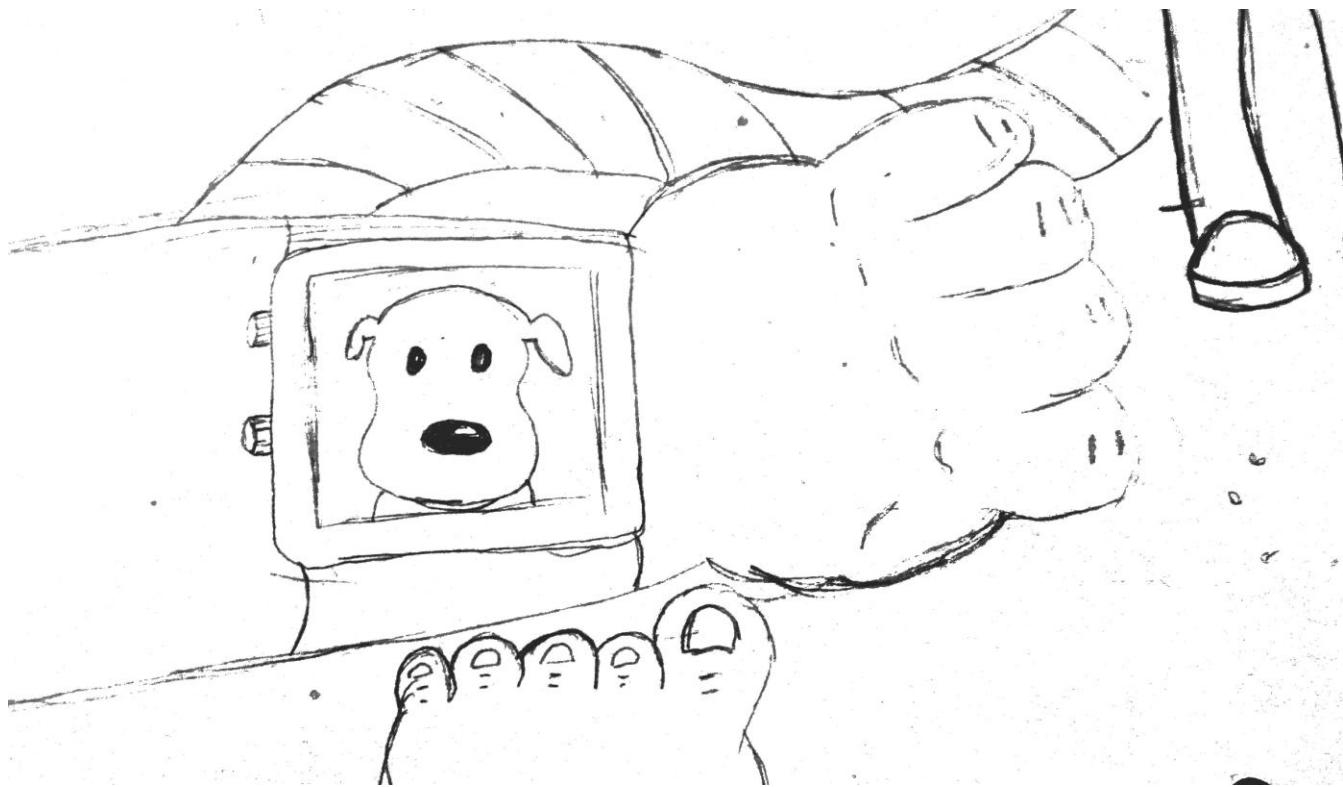
O O BABY

Baby Bond

and the Undefeatable Dr. No

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It was James Bond's favorite time of day. He was preparing in the backyard for his next mission, climbing up trees with his grappling hook and practicing his aim with a laser gun.

Suddenly, an order barked through the speaker on his Secret Service Spy Watch.

“Double-O Baby!”

It was M, his super secretive boss from the Service!

“You don't have much time, Double-O Baby. She's coming. It's Dr. No. You have to defeat her or risk the wrath of her ultimate new weapon. I can't say more now.”

“Why not?” Bond asked M.

“Because, Bond, she's right behind you.”

"Well, well, well, what have we here?" said Dr. No. She walked right over to James and picked him up off the grass. "It's Potty Time!"

James Bond was trapped.

"Put me down! You'll never get away with this!" screamed James.

"No!" cried the undefeatable Dr. No. It was her favorite word. She scooped him up and carried him, struggling for his life, toward her deadly trap.

He drew out his latest invention from Q: The Poisoned Pacifier.



Dr. No
whipped her
head away
from the
weapon.
"Listen to me,
Jamie. You'll
never win!
Stop fighting
now!"

"My name is
not Jamie!" he
declared. "It's
Bond. Baby
Bond."

Baby Bond had to think fast. He was trapped on Dr. No's most ruthless invention: The Potty. He flung the Poisoned Pacifier as hard as he could at Dr. No's face, but it was too late. It fell to the floor with a discouraging thump.

"Nooooo!" cried Baby Bond. Dr. No retreated, only to return with the despicable VacDoom: Dr. No's roaring, sucking contraption of death.



She sucked the Poisoned Pacifier away with the last of Baby Bond's hopes, and then left him alone, trapped on the Potty.

Suddenly, Honey, Bond's sidekick, burst out from behind the shower curtain. "Don't worry, Bond! I'll save you!" She scooped him up out of the trap. "I'm taking you to Q's lab to pick up his new invention to defeat Dr. No."



Q's lab was filled with incredible inventions. He pulled one out to show James. "This is my newest invention: The Kaboom Rattle! Throw it at any target and it will explode!"

"That's *perfect*," James said. "Got anything else?"

"Nap Nap Powder!" he cried, and pulled out a bottle. James stuffed it all into his diaper.

"I think this will finally be enough to defeat Dr. No and her evil potty training plot."

Later, Bond crawled sneakily outside of the house and into Dr. No's evil lair. She was distracted, putting giant, pointy tools of torture into the walls. This was where she grew all of her toxic vegetables.

Suddenly, he heard a terrible scream. "*Rooooooow!*"

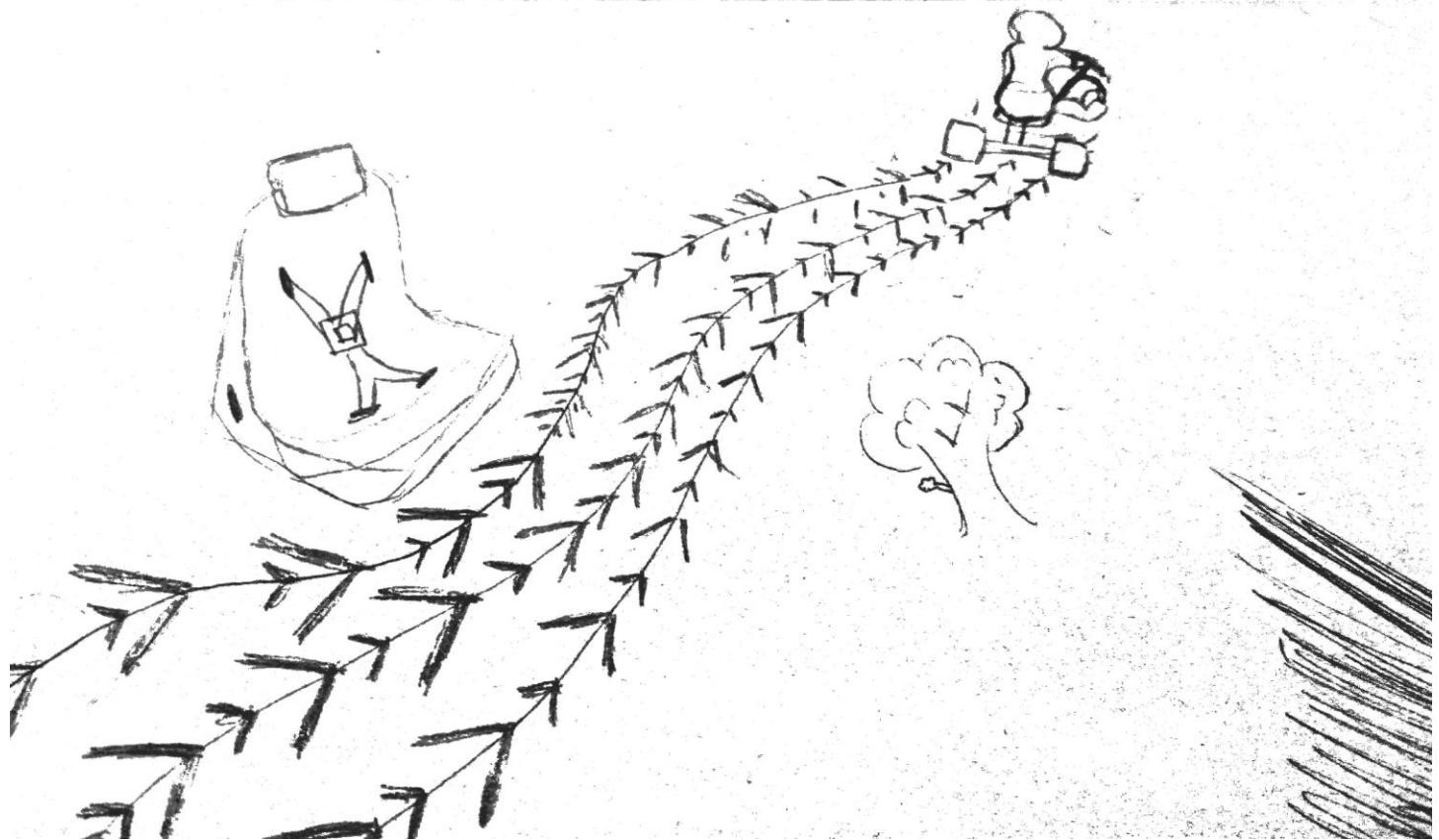


It was Kitty! Baby Bond watched as Dr. No snatched up Kitty and locked her in a tiny metal cage.

Now, the battle became even more risky. He whispered to Kitty, "I'll get you out of there, and defeat the Undefeatable Dr. No.

He left the lair and crawled into the garage, where he found her waiting: Tip, the top-of-the-line tricycle. She was faster than any trike on Earth, complete with a chiming bell.

“Alright Tip, it’s time for our biggest mission yet!” He climbed onto the seat of the tricycle, and rang the bell. “Let’s go!”



Baby Bond rode out of the garage and toward Dr. No’s lair.

He dodged a land mine, a booby trap, and a patch of toxic broccoli.

He stopped far away from the lair, but chimed his bell over and over again. “Come and get me, Dr. No!”

At last, the evil doctor stepped out of the lair and spotted him. "Jamie?" She walked over.

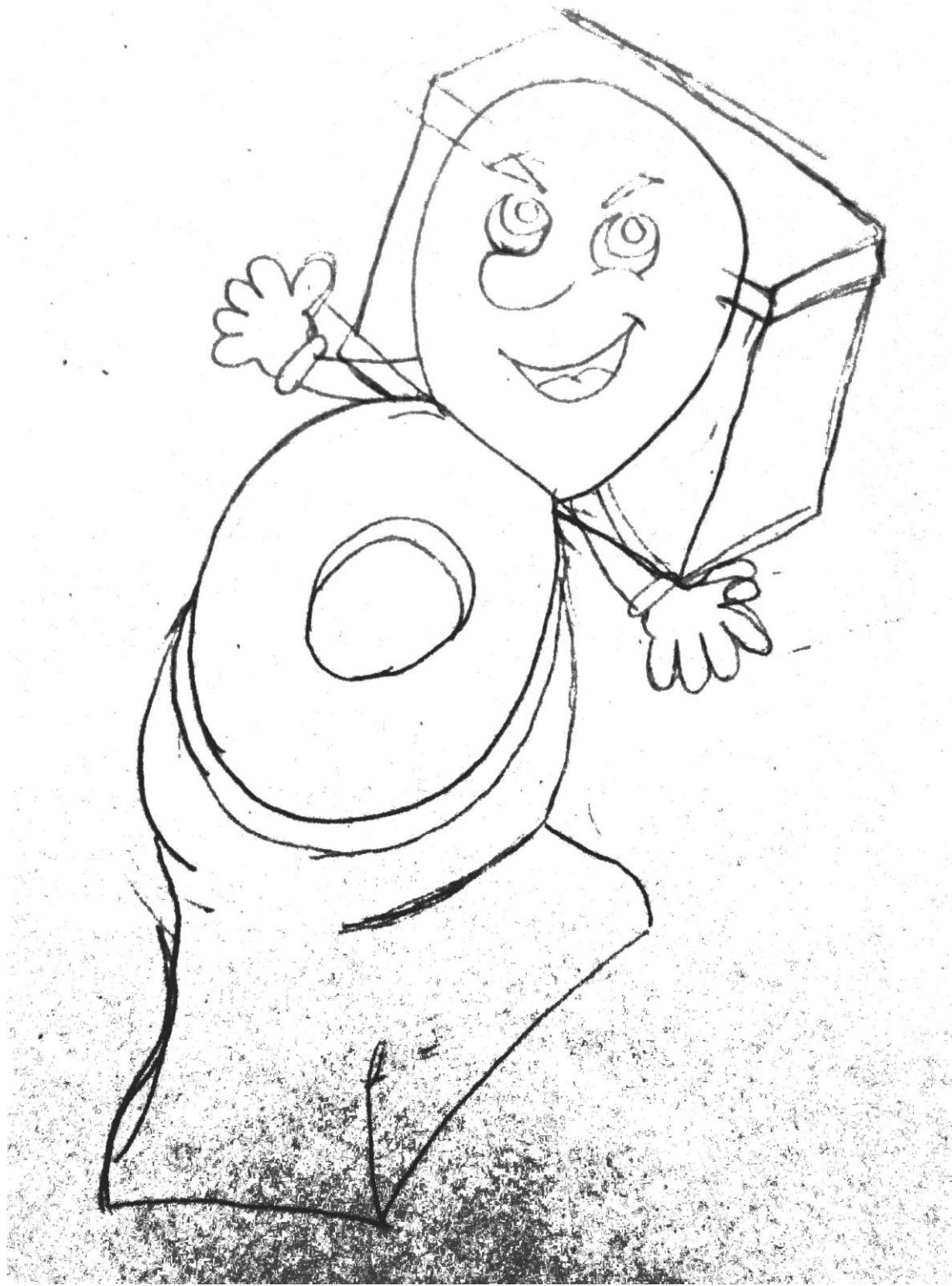
"No!" he shouted, and squeezed the bottle of Nap Nap Powder with all his might. A big puff of white stuff came out of the top, but Baby Bond was prepared. He held his breath until Dr. No drew near, took a deep breath, and fell fast asleep, right on the grass!



He had no time to lose. He pedaled into the lair, stepped on top of the seat, and freed Kitty from the metal box. "Mrow!" she said.

"You're welcome, Kitty!"

But there was still one thing Baby Bond needed to do. He crawled back into the house.



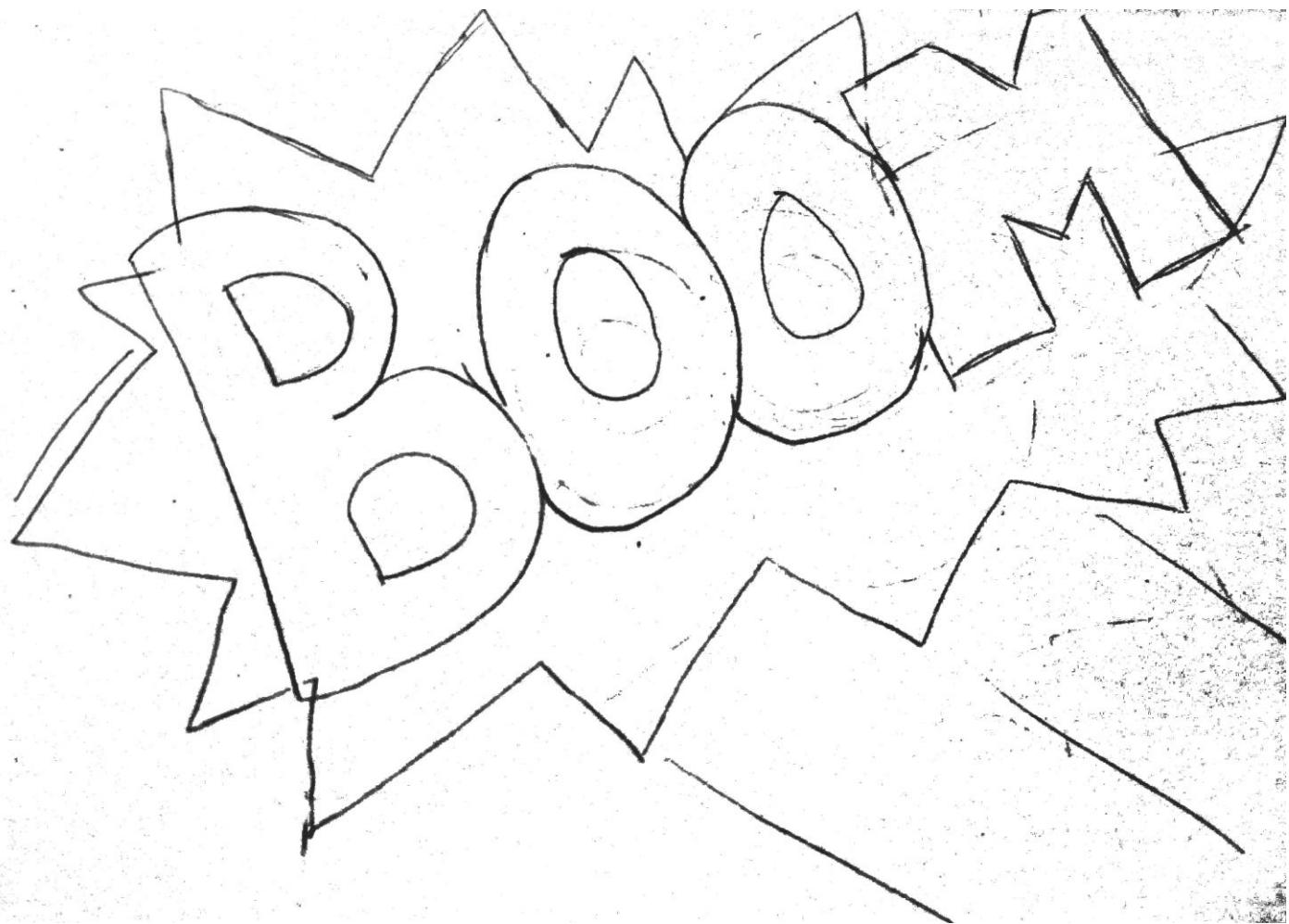
Inside the bathroom, the Potty waited. It hissed, and gurgled, and laughed at Bond.
“You’ll never defeat me!”

But Bond had another weapon. He pulled out the Kaboom Rattle.

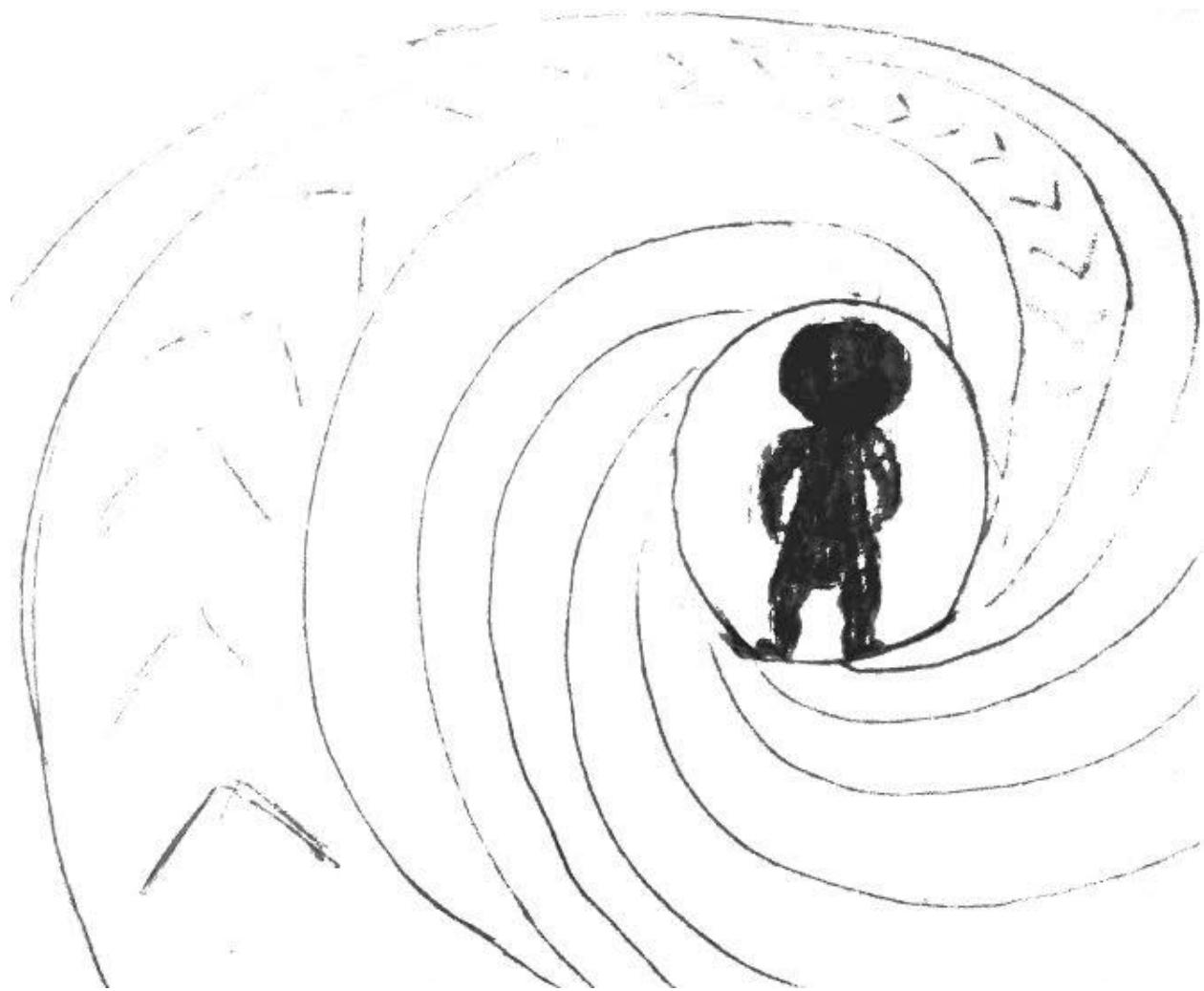
“Oh no!” gurgled the Potty. “That’s not what I think it is, is it?”

"Sorry, Potty," replied Bond, "but I'm a trained agent, and I've got a license to spill."

He plunged the rattle into the Potty, pulled the silver handle, and crawled out of the bathroom.



The bathroom exploded in a big ball of fire. The sound shook the whole house. Chunks of the walls, and the Potty, fell down all around Bond, but he never looked back.



Baby Bond would live to cry another day.